

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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## Beginning Over.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"CROCUS, Daffodil, brave Snowdrop!"  
Robin's note comes clearly;  
"Buttercup and drowsy Daisy!"  
He must call them yearly.  
"Bloodroot, Trillium, Wind-blossom!  
Show your pretty faces."  
"We're awake, dear Robin Redbreast,  
Smiling in our places."  
So the lovely things start over,  
Brightening hill and hollow;  
Whispering, though the chill wind's blowing,  
May days soon will follow.

## March Wind as Postman.

BY MARY LOUISE STETSON.

"TRUDY, wouldn't I make a dandy calendar girl for the third month of the year?" Helen Palmer dropped into the nearest chair and looked with fond envy at Gertrude's soft dark curls. "My, how I wish I'd had ringlets instead of stringlets!"

The invalid-sister glanced up from her work and smiled at sight of Helen's hair, much blown about by the wind. "You'd show what March can do," she answered. "Did you find some silk to match your embroidery strip?"

"Not a thing. I've hunted this whole town over, too. Now wouldn't that make you tired?"

"It doesn't seem to have tired you," Gertrude suggested. "What a robust little lassie you are!"

"Oh, I'm all right! But look at those boots, Trudy! They'll have to be tapped again pretty soon. Do you suppose they'll hold together till I walk to Portland and back?" Helen's eyes twinkled. She loved Gertrude dearly, and yet it was such fun to shock her once in a while. Gertrude, however, heard this absurd question quite calmly.

"I hardly think they will," she answered. "But, dear, why not send to Portland for your silk? Ernestine would be glad to get it for you, I know."

A look much more displeasing to Gertrude than dishevelled hair or mended boots could ever be, settled over Helen's expressive face. "Would she, though! When she was Hiram Smith's daughter, she was all right, but now she's William Foss's niece, she's too big-feeling for anything. How about that mean little three pages she sent me on the Panama Canal?"

"Helen!" Gertrude's tone was gently reproofing. "That was a pretty big favor to ask of a girl who probably has to do a deal of library work in connection with her own studies. But this I'm sure Ernestine would be glad to do for her old chum. Hand me a bit of your embroidery silk, dear, and a crochet hook. I'll make a little sample while you write the letter. If we hurry, you can get it ready before the postman comes, and the material will be here in time for you to



"Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked. "Tis time to start, you know."

finish the sofa pillow for Aunt Edith's birthday."

Helen herself could not have explained the influence which this frail sister exerted over her. She only knew that all Gertrude said quietly compelled attention. Accordingly Helen procured the silk and the crochet hook, then gathered up her wraps and packages and left the room.

Gertrude smiled fondly as she heard the merry little tune accompanying the climbing of the stairs. "No wonder everybody loves her," thought the elder sister. "She is lovable, and yet she won't be for long unless she gets over this bad habit of misjudging people. I'm sure Ernestine Smith hasn't been spoiled because she's been adopted by a wealthy uncle."

Scarcely five minutes had passed when Helen again popped into the sitting-room, seated herself in the chair by the door, and proceeded to read from the sheet in her hand:

"Dear Ernestine:—

I'm going to bother you once more. Aunt Edith's birthday is a week from to-day. I need a yard of silk the color of this sample to finish her sofa pillow. Trudy doesn't approve of my walking to Portland, and I can't find a thing here. She thought maybe you'd be so good as to shop for me. Will you match this and send me the material and the bill?

In haste,  
HELEN.

There, how's that?"

"Quite brief and to the point," smiled Gertrude. "I think, though, that Ernestine will understand."

"All right! Let's get it off, then. Thank you for getting the sample ready. I'll send everything along by the little man in blue.

He'll be here before there's time to say 'Jack Robinson.'" Letter and sample were hastily thrust into the envelope, and Helen looked about for her fountain-pen. Upstairs, of course! Do you mind my using your drawing ink?"

Gertrude hesitated. Drawing ink seemed hardly appropriate for letter-writing. But Helen, taking advantage of Gertrude's willingness to help, had already removed the stopper and was dashing off the address.

"Looks queer," she laughed. "But it will go all right." Helen sealed the envelope and tucked it under the edge of the mail-box on the porch. Then, dismissing the matter from her mind, she went back upstairs to prepare Monday's arithmetic lesson.

Helen's life was a busy one. School cares, home cares, and a deal of healthy exercise filled her time full to overflowing. It was not until four days had slipped away and no word had been received from Ernestine that she gave the unfinished sofa pillow more than a passing thought. Then, all of a sudden, she became concerned.

"Why, Gertrude Palmer, that silk isn't here yet!" she exclaimed. "And Saturday will come before we know it!"

"Yes, I don't quite understand," Gertrude admitted with evident reluctance. "I've been wondering why you didn't hear."

"I don't wonder very much!" Helen tossed her head, defiantly, as she stepped out into the hall to don her hat and coat for school.

Thursday was visiting day for the teachers of the Webster Grammar School, so the pupils had a holiday. It so happened that on that very day Mr. Palmer was called to Portland on business. At breakfast time he brought the smiles to the face of his

younger daughter by asking, quietly, "Would you like to go to Portland with me to-day, Helen? The trolley trip will do you good after three days of hard study."

Helen made a vain attempt to draw the plump, rosy, laughing face into an expression suggestive of fatigue. "I'd just love to go, daddy," she declared, with genuine enthusiasm. "I'll be ready in time for the nine-fifteen, if mother can get along all right without me. And Trudy, I can get that silk my own self, and no thanks to any one." So saying, Helen excused herself from table and was gone.

An hour later, father and daughter were well on the way to Portland. These trips with father were of such rarity as to be real gala times for this buoyant lass of twelve. Every farmhouse, every woodlot, every town her bright eyes spied as the interurban sped on its way was of interest to Helen.

"I'm having a glorious time, daddy," she smiled, giving herself a happy hug. "Oh, don't you think it would be lovely for us to take dinner at the Congress Square? I have on the new boots you bought me yesterday, and your suit is good as new. Let's play we're rich folks, just this once! Will you, daddy?"

Mr. Palmer thought a moment. Playing rich folks was a game of which he did not entirely approve. However, it was a game for which this whimsical little daughter of his seldom expressed any desire. He would humor her this once.

At noon, therefore, a modest-appearing man and a bright-eyed little girl sat at a small table in the beautiful dining-room of the hotel. Helen had never before dined at a hotel, and was too excited to eat much. It was such fun to watch the waiters moving noiselessly to and fro, to study the richly dressed lady sitting alone at a table in the center of the room, and to gaze at the grandeur all about!

Suddenly she glanced up in surprise, as a tall, handsome gentleman, a quietly-gowned lady, and a young girl, with heavy braids, entered the dining-room, and moved toward a table not far away. It was Ernestine!

Helen's face darkened. She had no desire to renew acquaintance with a girl too selfish or too big-feeling to help a humble friend. She heartily wished herself away from all this pomp at some restaurant never frequented by rich folks, anywhere but at the Congress Square Hotel. Her gaze was fixed upon her plate. She was thankful that the meal was almost over, and that the room was now thronged. She might yet be able to slip away unnoticed. Her heart sank, however, when the girl of the heavy braids came rushing toward her.

"It's Helen, I do declare! If this isn't too lovely for anything! We don't come here often. We did to-day, just to save time—and to think I should find you folks! Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I haven't heard a word from you for ages, Helen. But you're into so many things, I suppose you don't have time to write."

"Ernestine Smith, I did write, and you never answered. That's why I've got to do my own errand this afternoon." Helen looked directly into the other girl's eyes as she spoke. Her expression seemed to say, "Deny that if you can."

There was no doubt in the mind of Mr. Palmer, who had been quietly watching, that Ernestine's surprise was real.

"Why—why, I don't know what you're

talking about," she stammered, tears springing to the wide-open eyes.

"Didn't you get a letter from me only last Monday?" Helen asked.

"Indeed, I didn't," Ernestine answered. And even Helen could no longer doubt this friend's sincerity.

"Excuse me, then." Again the merry smiles played about Helen's lips and eyes. "I can't understand, but I believe you, and I'm ever so glad to see you, Ernestine."

"There, you seem more like yourself now. I wondered whatever I could have done to make you so cross with me. Did you say you had errands to do?"

"Just the silk for Aunt Edith's pillow. It won't take long," Helen answered. Somehow, she felt dreadfully ashamed of herself, and tried to atone for her rudeness by making friendly inquiries in regard to Ernestine.

But Ernestine insisted on making plans for the shopping expedition. "I have to go to school this afternoon, I'm sorry to say, but I'll hurry through my dinner and we'll do the stores first. Be sure you wait in the parlor. Uncle and aunt will want to meet you." With this, Ernestine went back to the other table.

The meeting with Ernestine's relatives was of necessity short, but Helen found them most delightful. Then, while Mr. Palmer attended to other matters of business, the girl friends went in search of material to match the bit of embroidery silk Helen had brought. In the second store a perfect match was found. There was just time for Ernestine to escort Helen to the waiting-room where Mr. Palmer had agreed to meet her, before she must hurry away to school.

No sooner had the travelers returned home than Helen ran upstairs to Gertrude.

"Oh, do you know, Trudy, Ernestine never got that letter I sent!" she exclaimed. "We saw her at the Congress Square, and she was just as lovely as she could be, lots nicer than I was. It was mean of me to say what I did about her. I'm sorry, now, awfully sorry."

One day in late spring, Mr. Palmer, who had been at work among his raspberry plants, entered the sitting-room where his daughters were sewing, and handed to Helen an envelope which gave evidence of long exposure to wind and storm.

"Where did you get that crazy thing, daddy?" asked the girl, merely noting at first that the envelope had never been opened. Quickly she turned it over, and read the name and address plainly written on the front. "Daddy Palmer, it's that letter I wrote Ernestine last March!" she cried. "Where did you find it?"

"Caught in the raspberry bushes," answered the father, while a merry twinkle lurked in his eyes. "Evidently the only postman who took it in charge was Mr. March Wind."

"And it's been there for two months. I should think the ink would have faded long ago. The stamp's all soaked off." Helen looked puzzled as she tore the envelope and reread a much blurred letter.

"That's easily explained, dear," smiled Gertrude. "You were in a hurry, don't you remember, and borrowed my India ink? Water doesn't hurt that. I didn't quite like to have you send a letter addressed with it, but since Ernestine never saw it, it didn't matter at all."

"Something else mattered," said Helen,

thoughtfully. "I made a wrong judgment about a friend without waiting for an explanation. I could hardly believe at first, even when she told me, that she had never received the letter."

"You are right," merrily acquiesced Mr. Palmer. "Miss Ernestine S. Foss of State Street, Portland, Maine, never received that letter, in spite of the fact that it was so clearly addressed. I hope that hereafter March will be a little more careful in selecting her mail clerks. One, at least, has proved incompetent."

### The Great Adventure.

**T**WO young college boys were discussing a remarkable moving picture that they had seen.

"It was exciting," said one, "but such things don't happen. They are made to order by the film company. Nothing unusual happens nowadays. What chance is there for real adventure in our lives?"

"There's the war. We could become aviators 'somewhere in France.' There would be thrills enough for you."

"Yes, but it isn't our war. What I want is real adventure in my own country."

"There's Mexico. You might try that."

"There's no 'adventure' in being shot at from behind a cactus or dying of sunstroke on a treeless plain."

"What do you call adventure?"

"Rescuing people in peril. Doing great things in the face of insurmountable odds. Being a 'hero,' if you like. There's nothing left for a man here except money-grubbing and politics and grinding in college. I wish I'd been born in the age of chivalry!"

The student was half laughing, half serious as he spoke. Just then he looked up and saw coming down the street a group of noisy underclassmen, some of them new to city ways.

They stopped near a questionable resort, and two of the number went in. The others stayed outside arguing with one who had hesitated to enter. In the light of the street lamp the student who was eager for adventure could see in the face of the fellow student a look of fear and shame, as if he were halting at the parting of the ways.

He who had bewailed the lack of "chances" for heroism hesitated, too, but only for a moment. Then he hurried forward, stepped into the group surrounding the hesitating boy, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Don't go!"

The youth stared at him, recognized him as a senior he had admired at a distance, glanced around at the faces of his tempters, and then, with a cry, shook off a hand that had been on his arm and walked away. No one spoke; the senior joined his friend and they went on toward the campus. They did not refer to what had happened, but when the student reached his room he found himself trembling as if he had passed through some tremendous experience.

He had. The great adventure had come to him. The saving of a soul had fallen to his lot. As he prayed his mother's prayer that night, he asked for a vision that sees the knighthood that always exists in every age, the chivalry of the pure in heart, the great adventure of saving souls that stand trembling at the parting of the ways that separate Death and Life.

*Youth's Companion.*



BETH and Peg, the twins, were so nearly alike in everything that from the day they were born people who knew them tried to find some distinguishing mark by which they could tell them apart, and the only difference most people could see was that Peg's face was a little broader than Beth's.

These twins lived in a big rambling farmhouse which was surrounded by a beautiful yard, where they usually spent a portion of the day, but most of the time they spent tending their little garden and taking "trips around the farm." Then there was the big barn, too, where they had lots of fun rolling in the hay and playing hide-and-seek. Oh, there were many, many wonderful places to romp and play where the twins lived!

At about the same time Beth and Peg were born a beautiful little black kitten arrived in the hayloft of the barn where all three of them were to spend so many happy hours. As soon as the twins began to notice anything they could hardly be separated from "Blackie." He was called "Blackie" because he didn't have even one tiny white spot anywhere on his body.

As the twins grew older, nearly everywhere they went Blackie was sure to follow, and although almost as big as they were (for he had grown to be a big, big cat) the twins would take turns carrying him in their little pink aprons, they were so afraid he would overdo.

The first thing in the morning, when the mother of Beth and Peg opened



"The first thing in the morning, when the mother of Beth and Peg opened

"Blackie! What do you suppose has happened!"

It didn't take them long to rush down the stairs to find out, and there was Blackie holding one trembling paw up from the floor with a most pitiful look in his eyes, but no one was near him. The twins were mystified, and at once began searching for the cause of the trouble.

The stairs in the house were long and narrow, with a strip of rag carpet up the center, and the twins discovered that it was on this carpet Blackie hurt his foot, for he always ran right up the center of the stairs when he went to awaken the twins each morning. This morning I have spoken of he was in an unusual hurry, for he wanted the twins out with him, romping and playing, perhaps even helping him to find a mouse in the hay.

When the twins got there they found him sitting on the carpet about half-way up the stairs, his foot swollen to twice its size. They could not imagine what had happened until Peg, scanning the carpet for a pin or needle, or some other sharp thing that could have hurt his foot, saw crawling along on the carpet a big fat hornet.

"There is what hurt poor Blackie's foot! That horrid hornet stung him!"

"Of course," said Beth, "and it is too bad for Blackie, but you mustn't say 'horrid' hornet, for the poor little thing had to do something to help himself when Blackie stepped on him."

"That's so, I didn't think of that," replied Peg. "But now the thing to be done is to fix Blackie's foot," and going to the kitchen they bathed it carefully in vinegar to take out the poison.

Blackie lived to be fourteen years old and during all that time hardly missed a morning going upstairs to call the twins, but he never forgot the accident to his foot, and because he couldn't understand it he believed it had something to do with the carpet in that special place and would always turn to the side when he got half-way up and go the rest of the way on the bare wood.

The twins at first didn't believe he could possibly remember this; to prove it, they tried many times to put him on the carpet, but he fought against it so much that they

were finally convinced that he really did remember where the hornet stung him.

### My Picture-Book.

MY mother says that every day I'm making picture-books; They're all about my work and play, But no one ever looks.

I'm all the one that ever turns Those pages, glad and bright; And, like a lamp, each picture burns The clearest when 'tis night.

Sleighrides and Christmas trees and all The lovely winter fun; And picnics under pine trees tall— I see them every one.

And mother says each picture caught, That nobody can see, Is nothing but my happy thought That lies inside of me.

She says, "Now shut your sleepy eyes— I'll turn the light down low— And see what beautiful surprise

Your Memory Book will show!"

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT,  
in *The Mayflower*.

### "When the Pie was Opened."

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

PATTY gazed at the cubes of sugar, with a great longing in her eyes. "Couldn't I have just one?" she asked.

"Now, daughter, you know I would willingly let you have a dozen, but remember what the doctor said—no more sugar for Pattikins for a while."

"But I love sugar so," Patty sighed. "Couldn't I have just half a piece?"

"Please don't tease mother. The doctor knows best."

Tears came into Patty's eyes. "I'm being just starved to death," she said plaintively. "I'll—I'll do something dreadful pretty soon, I'm so hungry for sugar."

"But mother trusts you not to do anything that's wrong," Mrs. King smiled. "Watch baby now while I run up to the attic after a bunch of red peppers."

Patty wished that mother had not left her alone with the sugar cubes, but she resolutely turned her back on the cupboard. Probably mother knew just how many cubes were in the tray, but in the sugar-bin there was any amount of just plain sugar—and oh, how Patty, who was so very fond of sugar, wanted just a tiny taste upon her tongue! Surely the doctor wouldn't care about just two or three grains of sugar—just two or three grains!

Walking very slowly, she approached the bin, pulled it out, and looked down at the white drift. She thrust her hand down among the snowy grains.

"Was I gone long?" mother asked later, as she came bustling in with the peppers in a paper bag. "I couldn't find them at first. Is baby still asleep? Then you may run out and play. I'm going to bake a berry pie."

Patty ran out and played in the sand pile, then around behind the barn and tum-



## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ONE of our Club members, Elizabeth Belcher, writes of the wonderful Sundays the group of young people in her school enjoy. One feature of the day is an evening service, arranged by the young people themselves. Occasionally this meeting is planned as a "Personality Service," in which every member takes part. At Thanksgiving each girl told one thing for which she was most thankful. Other topics give the members a chance to tell of something that relates to their personal religious life. Are there other groups of young people, Clubs or Classes or Unions, holding similar services? Will you tell us about them? Here is one way in which we may not only let our light shine, but make sure that it is burning brightly in our hearts.

WINNIPEG, MAN.,  
Machray School.

Dear Miss Buck,—I will enclose a story of two parrots. It seems rather funny for a Sunday school paper. I guess it will interest some of the people that read it, anyway. [See *Young Contributors' Department* for story.]

I have a little friend whose name is Marjorie Putee. She is also writing a letter to the Club. Marjorie lives next door to me.

I go to a Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister's name is Rev. Dr. Westwood. My teacher's name is Miss Pitt. She is very nice and I am sure she does all she can for us. We get *The Beacon* at our Sunday school and we enjoy it very much.

bled in the long grass. It was nearly supper-time before mother called her in.

"I've the nicest news," she smiled at Patty. "I called up the doctor and he says that you may have a whole sixth of a pie. And at supper you may cut it yourself. But—why Patty—where is your ring?"

Patty looked down at her ringless finger, and her face went white. "Why—I didn't know it was gone," she cried. "I must have lost it in the sand."

But although they all looked in the sand and back of the barn they did not find the ring. It was a very sorry little Patty that sat down at supper-time to cut the pie.

As the knife cut through the crisp crust and juicy contents, suddenly it struck something hard. "I wonder what it is!" Patty cried.

"Let me see," mother said, and lifting the upper crust lifted out with a fork—Patty's ring.

Mother stared at it blankly, and father whistled in surprise. "Why, how did that come in there?" he demanded.

Patty colored, and the tears came into her blue eyes. "I—I—the sugar," she cried out. "I—oh, mother—I lost it in the sugar."

Then mother looked very, very sad.

Patty arose from her chair. "But I didn't eat any," she cried; "mother, I didn't eat a single, single grain. I was going to and I put my hand in, but I remembered what you said about trusting me not to do anything wrong, so I went away—and

We had a very enjoyable Christmas at our church. We played many interesting games. We had a Christmas tree, and Santa Claus was present at seven-thirty o'clock. We did not get presents, because we gave the money for the presents to the Belgium Relief. Do you not think that was better than getting presents? We had tea at the church at half-past five. Again I say we enjoyed ourselves very much.

I will now close with best of wishes to you.

From yours truly,  
KATHLEEN ROGERS.  
(Age 11 years.)

HAVERHILL, MASS.,  
15 Ashworth Terrace.

Dear Miss Buck,—I like *The Beacon* very much. I have great fun getting out the answers to the enigmas. I go to the First Parish Sunday School in Haverhill, Massachusetts. Our minister's name is Rev. F. W. Holden. Dr. Lawrence came to our church and spoke to the Sunday school. I am enclosing an enigma and hope it will be accepted. I like to read your letters very much. My sister, who is nine years old, and my brother, who is only seven years, and myself all look forward to the nice stories published every week in *The Beacon*. I wish you continued success in the best of magazines.

Very truly yours,  
DAVID W. CURRIER.

SAN MATEO, CAL.,  
509 Highland Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in San Mateo. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I like your stories very much. I have a brother and a sister and both are younger than I.

May I become a member of the Beacon Club?

Sincerely yours,  
HELENE MAXWELL.  
(Age 9.)

washed my hands so they wouldn't even taste sugary."

Mother washed the ring in her glass of water. She smiled as she slipped it upon Patty's finger where it fitted so loosely.

"When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing," she quoted; "mother feels like singing, too, because she has such a brave, loyal, truthful little daughter. Now let's eat our pie."

### From Our Young Contributors.

#### TWO PARROTS.

BY KATHLEEN ROGERS.

ONCE there were two parrots whose owner was the Judge of Newgate prison. The two parrots were of different color, green and gray.

Their master wished the green one to answer when the door was knocked, the gray one to answer when the gate was knocked.

He knew that rude little boys would often knock at the gates of the prison and sometimes went so far as to knock at the door. So he took his birds to the prison and soon the parrots learnt their lesson and so were taken home again.

One day there came a man knocking at the house door, and the green parrot said, "Who is there?" The answer was, "The man with the leather." Then the gray parrot said, "Go and knock at the gate." The man said, "Which gate?" He could not see a gate because there was none. The gray parrot then said, "Go to Newgate." He then started to laugh.

The man stepped back to see who it was. He laughed to himself to think how easily he had been fooled and laughed at by parrots.

Do you not think they were knowing birds?

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LVI.

I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 2, 5, is a male.  
My 5, 6, 1, is what you do at meal-time.  
My 7, 3, 9, 1, is the smallest coin in the United States.

My 9, 8, is the opposite of "yes."  
My 4, 6, 1, is a bird that flies in the night-time.  
My whole is a well-known magazine.

DAVID W. CURRIER.

### ENIGMA LVII.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 4, 5, 6, is used in moving.  
My 3, 12, 5, 1, is a fruit.  
My 8, 9, is a preposition.  
My 7, 2, 11, 11, is a boy's name.  
My 9, 5, 3, is a short sleep.  
My 11, 12, 12, 10, is a vegetable.  
My whole is the name of a famous character.

H. F.

### ADD R.

Add the letter R to  
1. A spice and make a flower.  
2. A bird and make a city.  
3. To what we all do and make a part of the body.  
4. To a box with slats and make the hollow of a volcano.  
5. To a word meaning to tremble and make a religious sect.  
6. To an insect and make a drink.  
7. To a river in Scotland and make a wild animal.  
*The Mayflower.*

### WORD SQUARE.

1. A croaker.  
2. A trick.  
3. A mountain in Greece.  
4. Harness.

ROBERT PETERS.

### TWISTED FISH.

1. Kramlee.  
2. Lomnas.  
3. Elub-sihf.  
4. Sbsa.  
5. Ogd-ihfs.  
6. Tebtursihf.  
7. Talbihu.  
8. Dwrosifsh.  
9. Lemst.  
10. Dahdkco.

DOROTHY DECOSTER.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 23.

ENIGMA LI.—William Cullen Bryant.

ENIGMA LII.—Christopher Columbus.

A DIAGONAL.—L O V E

F O R E

D O V E

R O V E

A RIDDLE.—A cane.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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